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THE DEVILL,

AND

the Parliament:

OR,

THE PARLIAMENT  
and the Devill.

A Contestation between them for the  
precedencie.

*Hold, hold, good Parliament, Pluto thy freind,  
Deserts thee now, 'tis Vaine for to contend.*



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Printed in the Yeere, 1648.

THE DEVILL,

AND

the Parliament:

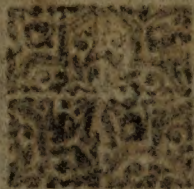
OR

THE PARLIAMENT

and the Devil.

A Contention between them for the  
precedencie.

Wells held good Parliament, Puno the year,  
Defert the way, the Parle for to containe.



Printed in the Year, 1642.

# THE DEVILL and the PARLIAMENT,

## O R, The Parliament and the Devill.

*The Devill singing.*

*Ile aide no more, for I have done,  
The worst that Hell could thinke upon.  
Therefore good Parliament now begone,  
Or you'l come to perdition.*

*For all your legends and your lies;  
Your plots, and your conspiracies,  
Your murders and your cruelties,  
Your errors, and impieties.*

*Now topsy turvey, ring the knell,  
Come Parliament with me to bell.  
There thee and I will ever dwell;  
Thus Rebels, must I pay you well.*



O, ho, ho, are you angry Mr. Parliament, because I will no longer assist you, I that created you am forbidden by him that created me to act in you any longer, you know what an helper I have been unto you this seven yeares, by me you first tooke up Armes against your gracious King, by me deluded the people with a vaine hope of Reformation, when your intentions even from the beginning, were for the ruine of the King, Church and Kingdome, by me you entred into Covenant with Death, & hell by me you have practised al manner of cruelties and oppression, and by me it was that you were prevalent against your Soueraigne; be that I will me dowre

from Heaven for conspiring against him, permitted me to be the Patron, and Protector, of your Rebellion, and by my means it was that you had the impious boldnesse, to imprison your Sovereigne Lord King CHARLES, in the Isle of *Wight*, by me it was that you Cashierd your Covenant and so became at enmity with the *Scots*, but not by me, but the Almighty 'tis, that you are now falling from all your greatnesse, why should you blame me then, as I deserted you; the world can witness I have served faithfully, and been as true a Devill to your trust as *Harry Martin*, or the Traytor *Say*. What ho *Belphegor* thou hast ever been a willing friend to flie abroad with any Messenger, sent by the Parliament to cease upon the persons of all those Wrot for the King, whose Pens did stab Rebellion to the heart, who still are constant to their Principles, and dare call Rebels, Rebels, thou often hast accompanied the State spies, those hounds that hunt the Souls of Royalists such as my faithfull, and my dearest sonnes the Sanguine *Lewis*, and the pale face *Leechman*, two Rogues, whose like Slavonia ne'er bred; flie thou my prettie Devill, and call hither, my fellow Vilaine Mr. Parliament.

*Belphegor*. I goe Sir.

*Devill*.

I meane to call a Parliament in Hell, but I shall not need to hunt about my territories to summon Members, from each corporation, the upper House and lower House at *Westminster* shall be law-makers for me, I have found that they in policie exceed me farre, yea *Aacus Minos* and *Rhad* a man thus, and all his powers of Hell, that are beside.

*Belphegor*.

Great Sir, I have perform'd my Embasie, but Mr. Parliament is so imploud, he saith, he cannot see your Divellship.

*Devill*.

His cannot is his will not; am I growne fearefull to him, are we not still all of one house, one counsell, he cannot stand two daies if I forsake him, I hope hee I not turne honest now at least,

last, and so deceive my expectation, no Devill, no Parliament, is a sure *maxime*, or is it so, that he himselfe deludes, and hopes to rule without my suffrage, poore foole thou hast experience that without me, thou canst not frame a Declaration, for to amuze the peoples minds, that so while they are all astonished, thou mayst with more facility be wicked; thou canst not plunder any man of his goods because he's faithfull to his God, and King, and turne his Wife and Children out a begging, except I goe before thee, and prepare thy way, nor canst thou murder a *Burleigh*, *Tomkins* or a *Challenour*, a reverend *Bishop*, or a glorious Statesman, except I enter and possesse thy brest, egging thee on to purchase thine owne ruine; thy King had nere been made a prisoner, or the slave *Hammond* been his dogged Iailer, but that I sate in counsell with the Agitators, who rul'd the roast at *Windsor*; tell me *Belphegor* what was his excuse?

*Belphegor.*

He told me Sir, that he was very busie in plotting how to keep his head on's shoulders how still to keep his name up with the people, which he was almost in dispaire to doe, for that the vulgar, now did he deadly hate him and discovered all his plots, and Stratagems: and ready we e each day for to devour him alleadging he had forfeited his being, and broke all Lawes, both Morrall and Devine; he also was raging most furiously, for that by letters he had given to know that all *Welshmen* were in armes against him, conducted by one *Butler*, *Poyer* and *Powell*, that *Barwick* and *Carlisle*, were ceased one by *Sir Marmaduke Langdale*, and *Sir Thomas Glemham* and that his brother *Jockey* had deserted him, and is on his March with thirty thousand men, with an intencion for to whip him soundly because he hath not kept his Covenant; that all the Kingdomes of the earth were banding, and vowed to worke his ruine but he commanded me for to remember his deare love unto you, when I perceive was onely seemingly, for to himselfe he muttered that his distrust of God and trusting you had been his ruine.

*Devill.*

Is he so soone reclaimd, He soone alter his temper; What he *Attophilax*, thou art the strongest Devill hell affords, hast thou to *Westminster*, there shalt thou finde my brother Parliament, with his Committees and his Clerkes about him, *Hanscot*, and *Lewis*,

*Leechman*, and all the Rogues, together in one knot, tell him I needs must speake with him, and consult about those affaires, neerly concern us both, if he refuse to come, force him along, thou knowest.

*Artophilax*, I flie Sir.

*Devill*.

Prithee *Belphegor*, tell me, thou flyest about the earth on all occasions, what is the newes amongst mortals.

*Belphegor*.

With swift Vellocity, proper to spirits, and aeriall formes, I doe intrude into all companies, sometimes I am amongst Judges when they sit upon the bench, I heare from them, that are male content, sorry but dare not shew it (being overaw'd by your brother Parliament) while they must sit and passe their doome on men, and hang up those for Traytors love the King; onely because Traytors, will have it so, I am sometimes amongst Churchmen, or if you will the Synod, who doe confesse themselves dam'nd Hypocrites, a Convocation call'd by Rebels, to back their most usurped temporall swords, with that is spirituall, who sell Religion for foure shillings a day; frame Directories, Articles, and Catechismes, to foole the people into new opinions, who have reform'd no error, but have broacht, more then the *Ephesian* Counsell, who pull'd the Bishops out othe' Saddle, that they might mount on horse-back, and have cried downe Plurality of Livings, that they might get by the hand; I am sometimes amongst the rurall swaines, who mutter as they thrash, that all is nought and that the slaves at Westminster have udone them, have sheared them nearer then their sheep, yet will not bestow so much tarre upon them, as will preserve their buttocks from the flies, I have been ———

*Artophilax*, with *Mr. Parliament* on his backe.

*Devill*.

O my deate friend, what is the reason now that thee and I  
are



are thus estranged, we that have been so mightily familiar and have done nothing without joynt consent, who mutually ought to affect each other, and both tryumph, as ruiners of Nations, without our amity no mischiefs currant, why art thou now averse.

*Mr. Parliament.*

I tell thee brother, I am now as potent, and can without thee be as devillish, as when thy selfe wert most my friend, I now am my Crafts-master, and know how, to be as envious bloody, and barbarous, as thou thy selfe canst possibly invent, I can out-doe thee Lucifer my master, and had not the strong arme of Fate, Crasht me too hard now at my height of fortunes, I had been ca led *Apallyon*, and not thee.

*Devill.*

How foolishly thou arguest, God or the Devill must have power o're al men, have I raised thee unto this height of glory, while for the finnes of *England*, God hath suffered me to call thee, as a Parliament, and to thee have I given all my power, taught thee to lie, dissemble, & to cheat a Nation of their Birth-right; the knowne Law, have I perswaded the deluded vulgar, to hearken to thy poisonous Rhetorick, and to believe thou meaneest for to Reforme, and building on that weake foundation, to bring their Plate, Coyne, and all their treasure, and throw it at thy feet; have I infus'd contentious spirits into them, which stird them up to Faction, and Rebellion, that so the father hath destroyed his child, and children hand to hand have slaine their fathers; so that the ground hath been watered with Blood, as with raine while thou hast laine at home and tane thine ease, fed high to strengthen lust, and fill'd thy baggs brim full with gold, extorted from the wretched blinded people, have I constrained the Blew Cart swads of *Scotland*, to joyne with thee in a most bloody League, a Covenant which I my selfe compil'd, and put to it my best invention, who ayded thee in all thy base attempts, and have I no more thanks for all my paine, yet doe thy worst, I needs must have thy soule  
that

that is my owne, by contract, and 'twas for that that all this while I ayded thee.

*Mr. Parliament.*

I doe acknowledge thee my only Patron all my Thankesgi-  
ving dayes, for severall Victories, were wholly set apart to sing  
thy Praises, no *Indian* ever worshipt thy black *Diety*, with such  
obsequious hearty adoration as I have done this seaven yeares;  
all those dayes I ordained for *humiliation*, were kept at such  
times when thy power forsooke me, and that I found thou  
didst not fight in Person, joyning with my part-takers against  
the King, and to conclude all Honours, Victories, all the vast  
Treasure and the numerous mischiefes, that I got, or have per-  
formed this 7 yeares have been wholly by thee, but now I find  
thy power is limited, and that the Almighty hath tane away  
thy strength, so that my enemies increase upon me, and all men  
seeke to worke my fall from East, from West, the gellid No.  
and South, inevitable mischiefs come against me, wherefore I  
would faine devesell my selfe, and would esteeme it a chief hap-  
pinesse, if I could to resigne my usurped power, as to scape  
with my life, and with my money, this I have hope to doe;  
and therefore I have Voted for a King, and that the Govern-  
ment of the *English* Nation, by King, Lords, and Commons  
as of old, and could I also but escape thy clutches.

*Devill.*

O thou most wretched fool, tis as impossible for thee to scape  
the everliving force of *Stygian* fire, as it is for me once more  
to visit heaven and thy body is for dogs, thy soule for hell, *God*  
will no longer let the *English* Nation bee slave to thy Com-  
mand, their ancient *Discipline* must bee restor'd, and they yet  
once more happie, each of you take a limbe my masters *De-  
vils*, I le beare the rest my selfe ho, ho, ho, answer me *Belphe-  
gor*.

*Artophilax* answer him.

Sing slowd English Nation, Be; let all bee content:

Attop; your blest Ref-ormation; Devill, to the Devill is sent:

FINIS.



